

BK-One f/ Blueprint**"Blue Balls"**

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[Intro] [Blueprint Speaking] Yo, you know. Everywhere I go, fools be like "Print! Where's the album at man? When the-when the fuck are you comin' out man?" I'm like, "Homie. I told you already man. I workin' on that shit It's comin' man. It's comin' right down the pipe. Seriously" [Verse One] Thanks for y'all patience Glad y'all could make it "Where's your new record?", I guess I'm anticipated I get asked so much it's gettin' hard to take it I'm about to fuck around and tell y'all my dog at it Psych, I'm only playin' But really y'all can name it I probably been through it so I might as well explain it A couple years back, the art seemed so sacred I know what a classic is and now I wanna make it Two years awaitin', in the crib, creatin' Once I finish it I find out I gotta change it See my mentality with samples is, "Just take it" Never thought that who I sampled might not appreciate it Ain't sure how I got away with it In the past But this time around they probably gon' sue my ass I guess there's no more doin' what I want to do Clearin' samples legally, yeah right, c'mon dude Kanye, the only man that can afford to So if you ain't him, you starin' at a lawsuit [Blueprint speaking] Damn, oh word? It's like that? Okay [Verse Two] Fuck it I ain't mad, but everybody asks "Why you ain't drop yet like these other guys have?" I ain't trippin' on them, I'm on my path But to be honest with you, my hard drive crashed I know it's kinda bad, lost a couple rhymes I had It's kinda sad no matter what kind of grind you have I let some time past Fuck it, refined my craft Sky's the limit, but the ceiling's kinda like glass Might hit your head on it if you rising fast And you can only break through it if you write a smash Album cover done Asked my man's opinion He said, "It's cool, but you can probably make a bigger statement." I'm like, "Damn fam. You prolly right. If I'm gonna knock it out of sight then it gotta be tight." Funny what you think is great I think is just aight And what I think is great you might think ain't tight It's just music man Ain't no right or wrong The formula can teach people how to write a song No guarantee that people gonna like a song So let me end this shit and get my album done I'm out

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